Philadelphia Jan. 24th 1834

Brother Jimmy—

It is with great difficulty that I can find time, even to write 10 words.— The heavy press of duties that devolve on a candidate for the degree of M.D. cannot be imagined, can be known by none save those who have learned in the school of painful experiance. The pupose of the closest application — is nothing; It is the unpleasant forebodings, the existing combat between contending mental emotions, that create sensations, and feeling — to give an expression of which, the pen of the most sentamental genius would be incompetant, And the imagination of which would baffle the endeavours of the most sympathetic — At one moment he is elated by hope to, almost, the enjoyment of anticipated success — And at the next waft of passion he finds himself precipitated into the darkest gulph of dismal despair — Thus harassed by hope on the one hand, and fear on the other, he drags on his wretched hours, each succeeding one bringing nearer "and still more near," his destinied fate — Indeed the tenors of the "Condemned" are inferior to those only, of the gallows — Wretched thus we are, wretched in the extreem — All hoping for the best, all fearing the worst, each one thinking the chance of his friend better than his own — every one fearing it will fall to his lot to be rejected — Alas! It is the destiny of some of us and the Lord only knows who —